SONGS OF EXILE

נַפְשִׁי לַאדֹנָי מִשֹּׁמְרִים לַבֹּקֶר שֹׁמְרִים לַבֹּקֶר:

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than watchmen look for the morning, yea, more than watchmen for the morning.—Ps. cxxx, 6.

Salaman, Mrs. Nina Ruth (Davis), tr.

זמרות בלילה

Songs of Exile

By Hebrew Poets

Translated by

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TO MY FATHER

CONTENTS

PRELUDE

On Chazanuth

ARISE and sing, thou deathless melody—
Life's blended song—
Bearing on wings of sound aloft with thee
A mortal throng.

Lo, living yet, belovèd, lingering strain,
My harp of old,
Voice of a patience that hath borne the pain
Of years untold!

Each olden chord awaketh, every tone,
Soaring at length,
Mingling a mighty gladness with a groan
Of fallen strength.

Angels be gathering Earth's ascending prayer,
        That, heavenward bound,
Shall deck the Throne with wreathèd garlands fair
        Of wafted sound.

Song of the ages, lo! the fettered soul
        Shall break its bond,
And, wrapt in thee, look forth upon the whole
        Of Heaven beyond.

Sing on, sweet minstrel, thine immortal song—
        My harp for aye,
Vision of hope to men that live and long
        And pass away.

THE PROPHET
JEREMIAH
BY THE
CAVE OF MACHPELAH

ELASAR BEN KALIR'S birthplace is unknown, and the dates given for his birth range from 800 to 1000 C. E. He was the creator of a new form of *Piyutim*, and was followed by an imitative school of *Paitanim*. His style is condensed, obscure, and full of allusions to Hagadic passages. Of this allusive style, the first line of the seventh stanza in the following poem (סח ילד בתלף) may be taken as an example. Tradition makes Jacob linger for fourteen years, on his way to Mesopotamia, in the houses of study of Shem and Eber. Other legends are told of Jacob's love of learning.—Kalir's compositions number over two hundred.

Stanza 1, line 12, Leviticus xxvi, 45.

Stanza 2, line 10, Jeremiah v, 12.

Stanza 3, line 6, Genesis xv, 1.

Stanza 5, line 6, Leviticus xxvi, 42.

Stanza 6, line 11, 2 Chronicles xxiv, 20.

Stanza 7, line 1, Jacob. See *Bereshith Rabbah*, 63: 6 and 68: 5; and *Talmud Babli*, *Megillah* 16[b] and 17[a]; line 12, Jeremiah li, 5.

The Prophet Jeremiah by the Cave of Machpelah

BY KALIR

THE Prophet standing by the fathers' graves,
With soul o'erwhelmèd speaks, for solace craves:
"How can ye lie at rest, beloved ones,
While sharpened swords consume your captive sons?
Where now, O fathers, lurks your merit rare
In that vast wilderness of land laid bare?
They cry each one with lamentation sore
For children banished, sons that are no more;
They pray imploring with a cry for grace
To Him who dwelleth in the realms of space;
Ah! where is now God's promise made of old:
'I will not my first covenant withhold'?"

Changed is My glory,
From them departed;
They have not feared Me;
Dread have they known not;
From them I hid Me,
And still they turned not,
Nor to Me yearned they;
Shall I restrain Me,
Hearing them utter:
"Our God He is not"?

Then Father Abraham with bitter cry
Implored, a suppliant lowly, God on high:
"Ten times in vain for them great trials I bore,
For woe! mine eyes have seen destruction sore;
Ah! where is now Thy promise made of old:
'Abram, thou shalt not fear, thy shield behold'?"

Far have they wandered,
Erred after strange gods,

And they have hewn them
Cisterns which hold not;
Shall I restrain Me,
When they regard not
My sacred mandates?

And thus did Isaac all his sorrow tell
Unto the Lord who high in Heav'n doth dwell:
"Wherefore was I appointed to be slain?
My seed is crushed and low in bondage lain;
Ah! where is now Thy promise made of old:
'My covenant with Isaac I will hold'?"

Unto My prophet
Sorely rebellious,
They have polluted
My holy mountain:
Lo, I am weary
With ever hearing
Their cry which riseth

From the earth upwards;
Shall I restrain Me,
Seeing the slaughter
Of Zechariah?

And then spake he with learning deep endowed,
His form with shame and bitter sorrow bowed:
"My little ones I reared with holy care,
How are they caught within the fatal snare!
Ah! dearly have I paid a thousandfold
My erring children's debt of guilt untold."
Thus spake the faithful shepherd in his woe,
Covered with ashes and in dust laid low:
"My tender sheep in genial shelter reared,
Lo! how are they before their season sheared!
Ah! where is now Thy promise made of old:
'There shall not be one widowed in the fold'?"
With grievous voices all the air is rent;
With sobs doth Leah to her despair give vent,
And Rachel weeping for her children dead,

Zilpah with face of anguish, heart of dread,
And Bilhah grieving for the evil day,
Her hands to God uplifted in dismay.

Turn, O ye perfect ones,
Unto your rest again ;
I will fulfil for you
All that your hearts desire:
Down unto Babylon
With you My Presence went;
Surely will I return
Your sons' captivity.

THE PROPHET
JEREMIAH
AND THE
PERSONIFICATION OF ISRAEL

THIS POEM is attributed to ELASAR BEN KALIR.

Stanza 1, line 1, "Tirzah," Song of Songs vi, 4; line 5, "Hilkiah's son," Jeremiah.

Stanza 2, line 2, Isaiah xxx, 15; line 8, Isaiah xix, 24; line 9, Psalm cxxii, 4; line 10, the six hundred thousand redeemed from Egypt.

Stanza 3, line 5, Jeremiah xxxi, 21.

Stanza 4, line 12, Lamentations i, 1.

The Prophet Jeremiah and the Personification of Israel

FULL in her glory, she as Tirzah fair
Hath sinned and fallen; lo! the angels weep
There at the threshold of her sanctuary.
Forth from the Temple, over Zion's mount
Wandered Hilkiah's son, and chanced to meet
A woman, beauteous, but with grief distraught.
"Appalled I ask, in name of God and man!
Art thou dread phantom? Art thou human form?
For while thy beauty mouldeth woman fair,
Awe shadoweth spirit from the vast unknown!"

"I am no phantom nor vile clay of earth;
I shall be known when I return in rest.
Lo! of the one am I! of three am I!
Lo! of six hundred thousand, and of twelve!

Yea, and behold me of the seventy-one!
O Prophet! know: the 'one' is Abraham;
'Three' be the fathers; verily in me
Behold the third, God's messenger of peace;
The 'twelve' I show thee be the tribes of God,
Six hundred thousand of redeemèd men;
And their Sanhedrin wrought of seventy-one."

"List to my counsel: O return! repent!
Since thou art thus endowed, so proud in state,
'Tis fitting that thou shouldst exultant rise,
To glory in the good awaiting thee;
'BACKSLIDING DAUGHTER!' cast that brand of
shame!"

"Can I rejoice, or lift my voice in song?
Behold my children given to the foe!
My prophets martyred, yea, their life-blood spilt!
My kings, my princes, and my holy priests
Borne into distant exile, fetter-bound.

Far from mine House the Sacred Presence fled,
Shunning the place of mine iniquity;
Yea, thence did my Belovèd flee away,
And left the beauty of my tent to wane
And set in darkness nevermore to rise.
How doth the city, once with heroes thronged,
Great 'mid the nations, now sit solitary!"
Pausing, she glided to the Prophet's side,
And with imploring utterance whispering spake:
"Plead to thy God for this my bitter wound;
Beseech Him for the tempest-stricken soul;
Until He softened say: 'It is enough!'
And save my sons from exile and the sword."

With suppliant's plea he prayed before his
Lord:
"O God of mercy! let compassion flow,
E'en as a father pitieth his son;"
And cried: "Doth not a father mourn his
child

Carried away to harsh captivity?
And woe unto the son in exile chained,
When at his father's board his place is void!"

"Prophet! arise, depart!" the vision bade:
"Call now the sleeping fathers from their rest;
And Moses, yea, and Aaron shall arise;
O let the shepherds peal to Heaven a wail,
For lo! the wolves of night have torn the
lamb!"

The Prophet's voice with mighty yearning
swelled,
And shook with heaving sobs Machpelah's
cave:
"O glorious sires! lift up your voice and weep:
Your sons have erred; behold them captives
bound!
If they, weak mortals, have transgressed the
bond,

Where, fathers! doth your merit slumber now,
That sanctified of old the covenant?"

"What crave ye, sons, from Me? The doom is
fixed.
This is My judgment; this is My decree.
The shrine is desolate, bereft of men;
None cometh in upon the solemn day;
Behold, the steps of My belovèd fail."—

"But Thou wilt yet restore them as of old,
O Thou Sustainer! Thou that givest strength!
And pity Zion; for the time is come."

A SONG
OF
REDEMPTION

Solomon Ibn Gabirol, grammarian, philosopher, and poet, was born in Spain, in 1021 C.E. His classical style of verse replaced the language of the early *Paitanim*, and brought the sacred poetry of the Spanish-Arabian Jews towards its perfection. This Song of Redemption (גאלה) is a Sabbath morning hymn recited between Passover and Pentecost.

Stanza 1, line 6, "remnant tenth," Isaiah vi, 13; "shall cause man's strife to cease," Isaiah xix, 24.

Stanza 2, line 1, Lamentations v, 20.

Stanza 3, line 8, Song of Songs ii, 12.

Stanza 4, lines 7, 8, alludes to the persecutions suffered by the Jews under both the Crescent and the Cross.

Stanza 7, line 2, "Ariel," Isaiah xxix, 1, 2; line 4, Daniel xii; line 8, Isaiah, lix, 20; line 12, Psalm xc, 15.

A Song of Redemption

By Solomon Ibn Gabirol

CAPTIVE of sorrow on a foreign shore,
A handmaid as 'neath Egypt's slavery:
Through the dark day of her bereavement sore
She looketh unto Thee.
Restore her sons, O Mighty One of old!
Her remnant tenth shall cause man's strife to cease.
O speed the message; swiftly be she told
Good tidings, which Elijah shall unfold:
Daughter of Zion, sing aloud! behold
Thy Prince of Peace!

Wherefore wilt Thou forget us, Lord, for aye?
Mercy we crave!
O Lord, we hope in Thee alway,
Our King will save!

Surely a limit boundeth every woe,
But mine enduring anguish hath no end;
My grievous years are spent in ceaseless flow,
My wound hath no amend.
O'erwhelmed, my helm doth fail, no hand is strong
To steer the bark to port, her longed-for aim.
How long, O Lord, wilt Thou my doom prolong?
When shall be heard the dove's sweet voice of song?
O leave us not to perish for our wrong,
Who bear Thy Name!

Wherefore wilt Thou forget us, Lord, for aye?
Mercy we crave!
O Lord, we hope in Thee alway,
Our King will save!

Wounded and crushed, beneath my load I sigh,
Despised and abject, outcast, trampled low;

How long, O Lord, shall I of violence cry,
My heart dissolve with woe?
How many years, without a gleam of light,
Has thraldom been our lot, our portion pain!
With Ishmael as a lion in his might,
And Persia as an owl of darksome night,
Beset on either side, behold our plight
Betwixt the twain.

Wherefore wilt Thou forget us, Lord, for aye?
Mercy we crave!
O Lord, we hope in Thee alway,
Our King will save!

Is this thy voice?
The voice of captive Ariel's woe unhealed?
Virgin of Israel, arise, rejoice!
In Daniel's vision, lo, the end is sealed:
When Michael on the height

Shall stand aloft in strength,
And shout aloud in might,
And a Redeemer come to Zion at length.
Amen, amen, behold
The Lord's decree foretold.
E'en as Thou hast our souls afflicted sore,
So wilt Thou make us glad for evermore!

Wherefore wilt Thou forget us, Lord, for aye?
Mercy we crave!
O Lord, we hope in Thee alway,
Our King will save!

Morning Song

BY SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

AT the dawn I seek Thee,
Refuge and rock sublime,—
Set my prayer before Thee in the morning,
And my prayer at eventime.
I before Thy greatness
Stand, and am afraid :—
All my secret thoughts Thine eye beholdeth
Deep within my bosom laid.
And withal what is it
Heart and tongue can do?
What is this my strength, and what is even
This the spirit in me too?
But verily man's singing
May seem good to Thee;
So will I thank Thee, praising, while there dwelleth
Yet the breath of God in me.

A SONG
OF
LOVE

THE AUTHOR of A SONG OF LOVE is unknown. It is a Sabbath morning hymn recited between Passover and Pentecost. It takes the not unusual form of a dialogue between God and Israel.

Stanza 1, line 9, Ruth iii, 13.

Stanza 2, line 9, Jeremiah xxxii, 8.

Stanza 4, line 9, Genesis xli, 13.

Stanza 5, line 3, "Tried in the furnace blaze of dire affliction," Isaiah xlviii, 10; line 8, Genesis xxix, 19.

Stanza 6, line 9, Genesis xxix, 2.

Stanza 7, line 9, Ruth iii, 10.

Stanza 9, line 4, Psalm lxviii, 30.

A Song of Love

MY noble love!
  O dove of wondrous grace!
What aileth thee that thou dost weep in woe?
Messiah cometh unto thee: then go,
  Fly to thy resting-place.
I am thy Saviour Who will ransom thee,
  Thy hope from ancient day;
  Know that in truth I say:
I, thy Redeemer, I will set thee free,
      My noble love!

My Mighty Love!
  Where is Thy troth of yore,
The vision of the seers in ages gone,
Proclaiming to the lone, the outcast one,
  Whose glory is no more,
That she shall yet be sought, again shall shine

A very great delight?
Thine is redemption's right,
Yea, and the power of sole possession Thine,
My Mighty Love!

My noble love!
I found delight in thee,
O fair one! when I saw thee in thy youth,
And, passing o'er thee, with My bond of truth
Betrothed thee unto Me.
Yet will I gather thee to Mine abode,
The dwelling of My rest,
My habitation blest,
Which I have builded and on thee bestowed,
My noble love!

My Mighty Love!
The faithful envoy haste.
Thy knowledge he shall spread, and strength instil

To keep the word that bade me do Thy will,
  And said to me: "Be chaste,"
And did ordain: "If thou wilt not obey,
  To exile thou shalt go."
  Yea, and 'tis come—the woe;
That doom foretold hath come to pass this day,
        My Mighty Love!

My noble love!
  Tried in the furnace blaze
Of dire affliction; thou with shackled feet
Shalt yet adorn thy form with joy complete,
  Gird on thy song of praise.
The crown of beauty,—diadem divine,—
  It seemeth good to Me
  To give it unto thee,
That sanctified perfection may be thine,
        My noble love!

My Mighty Love!
  Naught of my fame is left,
Though erst I dwelt in regal robes of grace;
My sons lie slain, the scions of my race,
  Of kin I stand bereft.
Behold me wrapt in darkness deep and fell,
  Sunk in the loathsome pit,
  By ray of light unlit;
The great stone lieth heavy o'er the well,
            My Mighty Love!

My noble love!
  My friend, come forth to Me;
Yea, from the grasp of foes be thou relieved,
From them who full of guile have thee deceived,
  That speak false words to thee;
Because thou wilt not strangers' paths pursue,
  And hast not gone astray
  Along their erring way,
Nor seekest thou new loves, but still art true,
            My noble love!

My Mighty Love!
  Stern bondage holdeth me,
And grievous woe; though vainly evermore
The foe allureth and doth press me sore,
  With keen words, ceaselessly,
To turn aside from Thee, the fount of bliss,
  Yea, to forsake Thy Name,
  Transgressing to my shame
The word revealed. My God! have I done this?
          My Mighty Love!

My noble love!
  I by Myself have sworn
To summon thee, My servant, unto Me;
And shall not kings bring presents unto thee,
  Thy glory to adorn?
A witness have I made My holy one,
  For nations to behold,
  For peoples manifold,
For lo! of Jesse have I seen a son,
          My noble love!

ODE
TO ZION

JEHUDAH HALEVI was born in Castile, in 1086 C. E. He was a physician and a philosopher, and the greatest Hebrew poet since Biblical times. Leopold Zunz says of him: "*Er sang für alle Zeiten und Gelegenheiten, und wurde bald der Liebling seines Volkes.*" For the synagogue he wrote more than three hundred poems. Impelled by his longing for Zion he left Spain, and journeyed to Jerusalem, where he died in 1140. It is related that he was slain by the hand of an Arab assassin, when he had reached the Holy City, and was singing his great ODE TO ZION.

Stanza 29, lines 2, 3, "purity and light," *Thummim* and *Urim*.

Ode to Zion

(Words of Love and Honor to the Holy Land, and of strong Longing to see her and to abide in her.)

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

ZION, wilt thou not ask if peace's wing
Shadows the captives that ensue thy peace,
Left lonely from thine ancient shepherding?

Lo! west and east and north and south—world-wide—
All those from far and near, without surcease,
Salute thee: Peace and Peace from every side;

And Peace from him that in captivity
Longeth, and giveth tears like Hermon's dew,
Yearning to shed them on the hills of thee.

To weep thy woe my cry is waxen strong:—
  But dreaming of thine own restored anew
I am a harp to sound for thee thy song.

My heart to Bethel sorely yearneth yet,
  Peniel and Mahanaim; yea, where'er
In holy concourse all thy pure ones met.

There the Shechinah dwelt in thee; and He,
  God thy Creator, lo, He opened there
Toward the gates of Heaven the gates of thee.

And only glory from the Lord was thine
  For light; and moon and stars and sunshine
    waned,
Nor gave more light unto thy light divine.

O I would choose but for my soul to pour
  Itself where then the Spirit of God remained,
Outpoured upon thy chosen ones of yore.

Thou art the royal house; thou art the throne
 Of God; and how come slaves to sit at last
Upon the thrones which were thy lords' alone?

Would I were wandering in the places where
 God's glory was revealed in that time past,
Revealed in thee to messenger and seer.

And who will make me wings that I may fly,
 That I may hasten thither far away
Where mine heart's ruins 'mid thy ruins lie?

Prostrate upon thine earth, I fain would thrust
 Myself, delighting in thy stones, and lay
Exceeding tender hold upon thy dust.

Yea, standing by the burial-places there
 Of mine own fathers, I would wondering
  gaze,
In Hebron, at each chosen sepulchre;

And pass into thy forest, and incline
  To Carmel, and would stand in Gilead's ways,
And marvel at the Mount Abarim thine;

Thy Mount Abarim and thy Mountain Hor,
  There where the two great luminaries sleep,
Which were thy teacher and thy light before.

The life of souls thine air is; yea, and thou
  Hast purest myrrh for grains of dust; and
    deep
With honey from the comb thy rivers flow.

Sweet to my soul 'twould be to wander bare
  And go unshod in places waxen waste—
Desolate since thine oracles were there;

Where thine Ark rested, hidden in thine heart,
  And where, within, thy Cherubim were placed,
Which in thine innermost chambers dwelt apart.

I will cut off and cast away my crown
  Of locks, and curse the season which profaned
In unclean land the Nazarites, thine own.

How shall it any more be sweet to me
  To eat or drink, while dogs all unrestrained
Thy tender whelps devouring I must see?

Or how shall light of day at all be sweet
  Unto mine eyes, while still I see them killed—
Thine eagles—caught in ravens' mouths for
    meat?

O cup of sorrow! gently! let thy stress
  Desist a little! for my reins are filled
Already, and my soul, with bitterness.

I, calling back Aholah's memory,
  Drink thine hot poison; and remembering
Aholibah, I drain the dregs of thee.

Zion! O perfect in thy beauty! found
With love bound up, with grace encompassing,
With thy soul thy companions' souls are bound:

They that rejoice at thy tranquillity,
And mourn the wasteness of thine overthrow,
And weep at thy destruction bitterly;

They from the captive's pit, each one that waits
Panting towards thee; all they bending low
Each one from his own place, towards thy gates;

The flocks of all thy multitudes of old
That, sent from mount to hill in scattered flight,
Have yet forgotten nevermore thy fold;

That take fast clinging hold upon thy skirt,
Striving to grasp the palm-boughs on thine height,
To come to thee at last with strength begirt.

Shinar and Pathros—nay, can these compare
With thee in state? And can thy purity,
And can thy light be like the vain things there?

And thine anointed—who among their throng
Compareth? Likened unto whom shall be
Levites and seers and singers of thy song?

Lo! it shall pass, shall change, the heritage
Of vain-crowned kingdoms; not all time subdues
Thy strength; thy crown endures from age to age.

Thy God desired thee for a dwelling-place;
And happy is the man whom He shall choose,
And draw him nigh to rest within thy space.

Happy is he that waiteth;—he shall go
To thee, and thine arising radiance see
When over him shall break thy morning glow;

And see rest for thy chosen; and sublime
Rejoicing find amid the joy of thee
Returned unto thine olden youthful time.

Where Shall I Find Thee?

By Jehudah Halevi

O LORD, where shall I find Thee?
All-hidden and exalted is Thy place;
And where shall I not find Thee?
Full of Thy glory is the infinite space.

Found near-abiding ever,
He made the earth's ends, set their utmost bar;
Unto the nigh a refuge,
Yea, and a trust to them who wait afar.
Thou sittest throned between the Cherubim,
Thou dwellest high above the cloud-rack dim.
Praised by Thine hosts and yet beyond their praises
Forever far exalt;

The endless whirl of worlds may not contain
Thee,
How, then, one heaven's vault?

And Thou, withal uplifted
O'er man, upon a mighty throne apart,
Art yet forever near him,
Breath of his spirit, life-blood of his heart.
His own mouth speaketh testimony true
That Thou his Maker art alone; for who
Shall say he hath not seen Thee? Lo! the
heavens
And all their host aflame
With glory show Thy fear in speech unuttered,
With silent voice proclaim.

Longing I sought Thy presence,
Lord, with my whole heart did I call and pray,
And going out toward Thee,
I found Thee coming to me on the way;

Yea, in Thy wonders' might as clear to see
As when within the shrine I looked for Thee.
Who shall not fear Thee? Lo! upon their shoulders
Thy yoke divinely dread!
Who shall forbear to cry to Thee, That givest
To all their daily bread?

And can the Lord God truly—
God, the Most High—dwell here within man's breast?
What shall he answer, pondering—
Man, whose foundations in the dust do rest?
For Thou art holy, dwelling 'mid the praise
Of them that waft Thee worship all their days.
Angels adoring, singing of Thy wonder,
Stand upon Heaven's height;
And Thou, enthroned o'erhead, all things upholdest
With everlasting might.

Song of Israel to God

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

MY Love! hast Thou forgotten
Thy rest
Upon my breast?
And wherefore hast Thou sold me
To be enslaved for aye?
Have I not followed Thee upon the way
Of olden time within a land not sown?
Lo! Seir and Mount Paran—nor these alone—
Sinai and Sin—yea these
Be all my witnesses.
For Thee my love was ever,
And mine
Thy grace divine;
And how hast Thou apportioned
My glory away from me?

Thrust unto Seir, pursued, sent forth to flee
Until Kedar, nor suffered to abide;
Within the Grecian fiery furnace tried;
Afflicted, weighed with care,
With Media's yoke to bear;—
And is there any to redeem but Thee?
Or other captive with such hope above?
Thy strength, O Lord! grant of Thy strength to me!
For I give Thee my love.

Israel's Duration

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

LO! sun and moon, these minister for aye;
The laws of day and night cease nevermore:
Given for signs to Jacob's seed that they
Shall ever be a nation—till these be o'er.
If with His left hand He should thrust away,
Lo! with His right hand He shall draw them nigh.
Let them not cry: 'Tis desperate; nor say:
Hope faileth, yea, and strength is near to die:—
Let them believe that they shall be alway,
Nor cease until there be no night nor day.

The Lord is My Portion

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

SERVANTS of time, lo! these be slaves of slaves;
But the Lord's servant hath his freedom whole.
Therefore, when every man his portion craves,
"The Lord God is my portion," saith my soul.

Song of the Oppressed

By Jehudah Halevi

YEA, with my whole heart, and with all my might,
Lord, I have loved Thee! Openly, apart,
Thy Name is with me; shall I go alone?
He is my love; shall I dwell solitary?
He is my lamp; how shall my light be quenched?
How shall I halt, and He a staff for me?
Men have despised me, knowing not that shame
For Thy Name's glory is my glorious pride.
Fount of my life! I bless Thee while I live,
And sing my song to Thee while being is mine!

Longing

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

TO meet the fountain of true life I run;
  Lo! I am weary of vain and empty life!
To see my King's face is mine only strife;
  Beside Him have I fear or dread of none.

O that a dream might hold Him in its bond!
I would not wake; nay, sleep should ne'er depart.—
Would I might see His face within my heart!
  Mine eyes would never yearn to look beyond.

A Love Song

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

LET my sweet song be pleasing unto Thee—
The incense of my praise—
O my Belovèd that art flown from me,
Far from mine errant ways!
(But I have held the garment of His love,
Seeing the wonder and the might thereof.)
The glory of Thy Name is my full store—
Enough for all the pain wherein I strove:
Increase my sorrow:—I will love Thee more!
Marvellous is Thy love!

WEDDING
SONG

STANZA 1, line 1, Ecclesiastes xi, 9; line 3, Proverbs v, 18.

Stanza 3, line 1, Psalm xlv, 5.

Stanza 4, line 1, Ecclesiastes xii, 1; line 4, Deuteronomy xxxiii, 25; lines 5 and 6, Deuteronomy xxviii, 6.

Stanza 5, line 6, Job v, 24.

Stanza 6, line 4, Isaiah lviii, 8; line 6, Psalm cx, 3.

Wedding Song

By Jehudah Halevi

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth,
And gather the fruit thy joy shall bear,
Thou and the wife of thy youth,
Turning now to thy dwelling to enter there.

Glorious blessings of God, who is One,
Shall come united upon thine head;
Thine house shall be at peace from dread,
Thy foes' uprising be undone.
Thou shalt lay thee down in a safe retreat;
Thou shalt rest, and thy sleep be sweet.

In thine honor, my bridegroom, prosper and live;
Let thy beauty arise and shine forth fierce;
And the heart of thine enemies God shall pierce,

And the sins of thy youth will He forgive,
  And bless thee in increase and all thou shalt do,
  When thou settest thine hand thereto.

And remember thy Rock, Creator of thee,
  When the goodness cometh which He shall bring;
  For sons out of many days shall spring,
And e'en as thy days thy strength shall be.
  Blessed be thou when thou enterest,
  And thy going out shall be blest.

'Mid the perfect and wise shall thy portion lie,
  So thou be discreet where thou turnest thee;
  And thine house shall be builded immovably,
And "Peace" thou shalt call, and God shall reply;
  And peace shall be thine abode; and sealed
  Thy bond with the stones of the field.

Thy glory shall rise, nor make delay;
  And thee shall He call and choose; and thy
    light,
  In the gloom, in the darkness of night,
Then shall break forth like the dawn of day;
  And out from the shining light of the morn
  Shall the dew of thy youth be born.

To the Glory of Jerusalem

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI

BEAUTIFUL height! O joy! the whole
world's gladness!
O great King's city, mountain blest!
My soul is yearning unto thee—is yearning
From limits of the west.

The torrents heave from depths of mine heart's
passion,
At memory of thine olden state:
The glory of thee which was born to exile,
Thy dwelling desolate.

And who shall grant me but to rise and reach thee,
Flying on eagle's pinions fleet,
That I may shed upon thy dust, belovèd,
Tears, till thy dust grow sweet?

I seek thee, though thy King be no more in
thee,
Though where the balm hath been of old—
Thy Gilead's balm—be poisonous adders lurking,
Winged scorpions manifold.

Is it not to thy stones I shall be tender?
Shall I not kiss them verily?
Shall not the earth-taste on my lips be sweeter
Than honey—the earth of thee?

LOVED
OF MY
SOUL

THIS POEM is attributed by some to JEHUDAH HALEVI, by others to ISRAEL NAGARA, the most gifted poet of the sixteenth century, who wrote many sacred poems.

Stanza 2, line 3, Numbers xii, 13.

Loved of My Soul

LOVED of my soul! Father of grace!
Lead on Thy servant to Thy favoring sight;
He, fleetly as the hart, shall speed his pace
To bow him low before thy glorious might.
Sweet is Thy love to him beyond compare,
Sweeter than honey, fairer than things fair.

Splendor of worlds! honored, adored!
My soul is sick with pining love of Thee;
My God! I pray Thee, heal her: be implored;
And o'er her let Thy holy sweetness be
A soothing strength to stay her yearning sore;
And joy shall be for her for evermore.

Source of all good! pity Thou me!
And be Thou moved for thy belovèd son.
Ah! would that I could rise aloft and see

The beauty of Thy strength, Thou Mighty
One!
These things my soul desireth: Lord, I pray,
Grant me Thy mercy; turn Thee not away.

Be Thou revealed, Dearest of mine!
And spread o'er me Thy canopy of peace;
Lo! with Thy glory all the earth shall shine,
And we shall know a joy that shall not cease.
Hasten, Belovèd, for the time is nigh,
And have compassion as in days gone by.

Song of Loneliness

By Jehudah Halevi

I AM of little worth and poor, apart
From Him, my Glory; and amid the years
My form grows like a shadow; till my heart
Is old, but not by my years' number; lo,
My witnesses:—the number of the years
Of this my sojourning. Nay, but I grow
So old in His forsaking.—If in truth
He shall come back to me amid the years,
Then shall come back to me with Him my youth.

THE FAST
OF
TEBETH

Joseph bar Samuel Tob Elem, living in Limoges about 1040 C. E., was a great poet of his time. He wrote numerous Festival poems.

Stanza 1, line 4, Job xvi, 7.

Stanza 2, line 3, "write the law in Greek," *Talmud Babli*, *Megillah* 9[a]; Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, xii, 2; line 4, Psalm cxxix, 3.

Stanza 3, line 3, Genesis xlix, 21; line 4, according to tradition, the ninth of Tebeth was the day of Ezra's death.

Stanza 4, line 4, Ezekiel xxiv, 2: "Son of man, write thee the name of the day, even of this selfsame day: the king of Babylon drew close unto Jerusalem this selfsame day."

Stanza 5, line 4, Ezekiel xxxiii, 21.

Stanza 6, line 4, Lamentations i, 18.

Stanza 7, line 4, Lamentations iii, 56.

Stanza 8, line 4, Job xxxviii, 11.

The Fast of Tebeth

BY JOSEPH BAR SAMUEL TOB ELEM

LO! I recall the siege which fell on me:
Within this month He struck me; He destroyed
With three blows;—cut me down and left me void;—
Now He hath made me weary utterly.

He silenced on the eighth day all my throng:
(Have I not for three things a fast proclaimed?)
The king bade: write the law in Greek; they maimed,
They ploughed on me; they made their furrows long.

Upon the ninth day—wrath, disgrace, and shame!
Stripped off was my fair robe in honor worn;
For he who gave sweet words was surely torn:
Ezra the scribe—yea, he of blessed name.

The tenth day: then the seer was bidden: "Yea,
Write thee within the book of vision; write
This for remembrance; now shalt thou indite
For them despised and crushed this selfsame day."

Counting the months, within the tenth the woe
And wail he wakened; but the sorrow's smart—
Its onward way was branded on my heart
When one came saying: "The city is struck low."

For these things I have scattered o'er me dust:
O that a shaft had pierced mine heart that day!
For such woe I would dig my grave;—but nay,
I wrought rebelliously: the Lord is just.

I call Thee, Thou Who hast repentance nigh
For mine affliction ; lo ! my praying heed ;
Hear my beseeching ; my salvation speed ;
Hide Thee not at my sighing, at my cry.

O moon Tebeth ! exceeding is my sum
Of pain therein, when His face changed for
me.
Yet, though I sinned, His goodness I shall see,
Who saith : "Ye waves, but so far shall ye
come."

HYMN
OF
WEEPING

Amittai ben Shefatia lived about at the end of the eleventh century. He recited his own compositions in the synagogue as *Chazan*. This Hymn occurs in the *Neïlah* Service of the Day of Atonement, and has for basis and refrain the following Biblical passage: "The Lord, the Lord, a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and acquitting. . . . And pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance."— Exodus xxxiv, 6, 7, 9.

Stanza 1, line 1, Psalm lxxvii, 3.

Stanza 4, line 2, Psalm lvi, 8.

Hymn of Weeping

BY AMITTAI

LORD, I remember, and am sore amazed
To see the cities stand in haughty state,
And God's own city to the low grave razed:—
Yet in all time we look to Thee and wait.

Spirit of mercy! rise in might! awake!
Plead to thy Master in our mournful plaint,
And crave compassion for thy people's sake;
Each head is weary, and each heart is faint.

I rest upon my pillars—love and grace,
Upon the flood of ever-flowing tears;
I pour out prayer before His searching face,
And through the fathers' merit lull my fears.

O Thou Who hearest weeping, healest woe!
Our tears within Thy vase of crystal store;
Save us; and all Thy dread decrees forego,
For unto Thee our eyes turn evermore.

HYMN
OF
REFUGE

THE HYMN OF REFUGE is taken, like the last hymn, from the closing service of the Day of Atonement, and it consists of the first stanza of a *Selichah* by ISAAC BEN SAMUEL and the first of a *Selichah* by SOLOMON BEN SAMUEL. The date of the first poet is unknown, though he was probably one of those composers of *Selichoth* living between the tenth and the twelfth century. SOLOMON lived early in the thirteenth century. These two verses are sung to a beautiful old melody to which the *Kol Nidrei* poèm, כי הנה כחומר, is also set.

Hymn of Refuge

THE shade of His hand shall cover us
(Under the wings of His presence);
He surely will pity, trying thus
The wrongful heart, to show the righteous way.
Arise, Lord, I beseech Thee:
My help! help now, I pray;
Lord, now let our crying reach Thee.

"Forgiven," He will let us hear
(He in His secret dwelling);
His hand shall bring salvation near
The people, poor and lowly and astray.
While we to Thee be crying,
Help wondrously we pray;
Lord, now be Thou replying.

I AM THE SUPPLIANT

BARUCH BEN SAMUEL died in Mayence in 1221. He wrote Talmudical commentaries and works in law, besides many poems for the synagogue. I AM THE SUPPLIANT is a *Selichah* recited in the *Musaf* Service of the Day of Atonement.

Stanza 2, line 1, Jeremiah iv, 19.
Stanza 7, line 4, Lamentations i, 1.
Stanza 13, line 4, Lamentations i, 18.
Stanza 15, line 4, Genesis xxvii, 2.
Stanza 16, line 4, Psalm xxxix, 13.
Stanza 17, line 2, Hosea i, 6; line 3, Psalm xvii, 1.
Stanza 18, line 4, Numbers xi, 15.
Stanza 19, line 4, Jonah ii, 8.
Stanza 21, line 4, Psalm xxx, 10.
Stanza 22, line 4, Genesis xxxvii, 7.
Stanza 23, line 4, Genesis xlviii, 19.
Stanza 25, line 3, Psalm cxix, 176.
Stanza 26, line 4, Genesis xliv, 28.
Stanza 27, line 4, Song of Songs v, 6.
Stanza 30, line 4, Genesis xxxiii, 11.
Stanza 31, line 4, Genesis xxix, 19.
Stanza 32, line 4, Lamentations, iii, 56.

I am the Suppliant

BY BARUCH BEN SAMUEL

I AM the suppliant for my people here,
Yea, for the House of Israel, I am he;
I seek my God's benign and heedful ear,
For words that rise from me.

Amid the walls of hearts that stand around,
My bitter sighs surge up and mount the sky;
Ah! how my heart doth pant with ceaseless bound
For God, my Rock on high.

With mighty works and wondrous He hath wrought,
Lord of my strength, my God. When me He bade
To make a sanctuary for Him, I sought,
I labored, and 'twas made.

The Lord, my God, He hath fulfilled His
word;—
He ruleth as an all-consuming fire;—
I came with sacrifice, my prayer He heard,
Then granted my desire.

My sprinkling He accepted at the dawn
Of this, the holiest day, the chosen one,
When with the daily offering of the morn
The High Priest had begun.

And when the services thereafter came,
In glorious order, each a sacred rite,
I, bending low, and calling on the Name,
Confessed before His sight.

The holy Priests, the ardent, for their sin
Upon this day made their atonement then,
With blood of bullocks and of goats, within
The city full of men.

The Priest with glowing censer seemed as one
Preparing for the pure a way by fire.
Then with two rams I came, e'en as a son
That cometh to his sire.

The bathings and ablutions, as 'twas meet,
Were all performed according to their way;
Then passed before the throne of God complete
The service of the day.

And when sweet strains of praise to glorify
Burst forth in psalmody and songs of love,
Yea, when I heard the voice uplifted high,
I raised my hand above.

The rising clouds of incense, mantling o'er
The mercy-seat, lent savor to its grace:
Then glory filled me, and my soul would soar
To yon exalted place.

Of ancient times I dream, of vanished days;
Now wild disquiet rageth unrestrained;
Scorned and reproached by all, from godly ways
Have I, alas, refrained.

Afar mine eyes have strayed, and I have erred,
And deaf I made mine ears, their listening quelled;
And righteous is the Lord, for at His word
I sorely have rebelled.

Perverseness have I loved, and wrongful thought,
And hating good, strove righteousness to shun,
And in mine actions foolishness have wrought;
Great evil have I done.

Pardon, I pray Thee, our iniquity,
O God, from Thine high dwelling, and behold
The souls that in affliction weep to Thee—
For lo! I have grown old.

Work for me, I beseech Thee, marvels now,
O Lord of Hosts! in mercy lull our fears;
Answer with potent signs, and be not Thou
Silent unto my tears.

Open Thine hand exalted, nor revile
The hearts not comforted, but pierced with
care,
Praying with fervent lips, that know not guile,
O hearken to my prayer!

Look Thou upon my sorrow, I implore,
But not upon the sin that laid me low;
Judge, God, the cause of mine affliction sore;
Let me not see my woe.

O Thou, my Maker! I have called on Thee,
Pictured my thought to Thee, pronounced my
word;
And at the time my spirit failed in me,
Remembered I the Lord.

Behold my wound, O Thou Who giv'st relief!
  Let me Thine ears with voice of weeping
    win;
Seek in Thy mercy balsam for my grief,
    But seek not for my sin.

Give ear unto my voice, O list my call!
  And give me peace, for Thou art great to save.
What profit is there in my blood, my fall
    Down low unto the grave?

But I unceasing will declare Thy praise;
  Grant my atonement, though I sinned so oft.
Bring not my word to nothingness, but raise
    My fallen sheaf aloft.

Redeem Thy son, long sold to bondage grim,
  And on his substance let Thy blessing flow;
How long, O Lord, ere Thou wilt say to him,
    "I know, my son, I know.

"I see thee heavy-laden with thy care,
With sorrow's burden greater than thy strength;
I hear thee wailing: yea, but I will spare,
And will redeem at length."

And now, O my Redeemer, lo! behold
The chains that bind me 'neath their cruel sway,
And seek Thy servant, wandered from the fold,
A lost sheep, gone astray.

Beauty's perfection lieth fallen low,
Broken and waste, which stood in majesty;
The glory is gone forth, and fled, for woe!
The One went out from me.

My strong bars He hath broken every one;
He hath been wroth with me: I am bereft.
For my belov'd hath turned aside and gone,
A desert am I left.

My gates are sunken, they that stood so high;
My sacred doors are shattered and laid waste;
Lo! they are moved and vanished hence; and I
Am humbled and disgraced.

Dumb are mine advocates in mine appeal,
High in their pride my scorners raise their crest;
They quench my light, they darkly do conceal
My welfare and my rest.

O Lord, my God! all strength doth dwell in Thee,
O hear my voice, as humbly here I bow;
And let the sentence of Thy judgment be,
"Take thou my blessing now."

Behold me fallen low from whence I stood,
And mine assembly with compassion see;
And this my soul, mine only one, 'tis good
To give it unto Thee.

Take back Thy son once more, and draw him
near;
Hide not from him the radiance of Thine eye,
Turn not away, but bend a favoring ear
Unto my plaint, my cry.

THE BURNING
OF THE
LAW

To MEÏR BEN BARUCH BEN MEÏR, born in Worms in 1220, was given the title "Light and Great Light," reserved for the greatest Rabbis. In 1286 he was imprisoned as a hostage for the Jewish emigrants, and in 1293 he died in prison, though a ransom had been offered for his release. He had refused it, fearing to create a precedent for the extortion of money from the Jews by their imprisonment and ransom. The following *Kinnah*, in which he mourns the burning of the Law at Paris, is read on the Ninth of Ab, and has the form of the "Zion" poems for that day, of which Jehudah Halevi's ODE TO ZION (p. 37) is the chief.

Stanza 2, line 1, "panting for thy land's sweet dust," Amos ii, 7.

Stanza 7, line 4, Proverbs xxiv, 31.

Stanza 9, line 4, Psalm cxxxvii, 8.

Stanza 18, line 4, Isaiah xl, 2.

Stanza 25, line 1, "Taking His holy treasure," Proverbs vii, 20; line 2, Proverbs vii, 19.

Stanza 26, line 3, Isaiah xxx, 17.

Stanza 30, line 4, Jeremiah ii, 2.

The Burning of the Law

BY MEÏR OF ROTHENBURG

ASK, is it well, O thou consumed of fire,
With those that mourn for thee,
That yearn to tread thy courts, that sore desire
Thy sanctuary;

That, panting for thy land's sweet dust, are grieved,
And sorrow in their souls,
And by the flames of wasting fire bereaved,
Mourn for thy scrolls;

That grope in shadow of unbroken night,
Waiting the day to see
Which o'er them yet shall cast a radiance bright,
And over thee?

Ask of the welfare of the man of woe,
With breaking heart, in vain
Lamenting ever for thine overthrow,
And for thy pain;

Of him that crieth as the jackals cry,
As owls their moaning make,
Proclaiming bitter wailing far and nigh;
Yea, for thy sake.

And thou revealed amid a heavenly fire,
By earthly fire consumed,
Say how the foe unscorched escaped the pyre
Thy flames illumed!

How long shalt thou that art at ease abide
In peace, unknown to woe,
While o'er my flowers, humbled from their pride,
Thy nettles grow?

Thou sittest high exalted, lofty foe!
To judge the sons of God;
And with thy judgments stern dost bring them low
Beneath thy rod.

Yea, more, to burn the Law thou durst decree—
God's word to banish hence:
Then blest be he who shall award to thee
Thy recompense!

Was it for this, thou Law, my Rock of old
Gave thee with flames begirt,
That in thine after-days should fire seize hold
Upon thy skirt?

O Sinai! was it then for this God chose
Thy mount of modest height,
Rejecting statelier, while on thee arose
His glorious light?

Wast thou an omen that from noble state
The Law should lowly be?
And lo! a parable will I relate
Befitting thee.

'Tis of a king I tell, who sat before
The banquet of his son
And wept: for 'mid the mirth he death foresaw;
So thou hast done.

Cast off thy robe; in sackcloth folds of night,
O Sinai! cover thee;
Don widow's garb, discard thy raiment bright
Of royalty.

Lo, I will weep for thee until my tears
Swell as a stream and flow
Unto the graves where thy two princely seers
Sleep calm below:

Moses; and Aaron in the Mountain Hor;
I will of them inquire:
Is there another to replace this Law
Devoured of fire?

O thou third month most sacred! woe is me
For treason of the fourth,
Which dimmed the sacred light that shone from
thee
And kindled wrath;

And brake the tablets, yea, and still did rage:
And lo! the Law is burnt!
Ye sinful! is not this the twofold wage
Which ye have earnt?

Dismay hath seized upon my soul; how, then,
Can food be sweet to me,
When, O thou Law, I have beheld base men
Destroying thee?

They cast thee out as one despised, and burn
The wealth of God Most High;
They whom from thine assembly thou wouldst spurn
From drawing nigh.

I cannot pass along the highway more,
Nor seek thy ways forlorn;
How do thy paths their loneliness deplore!
Lo! how they mourn!

The mingled cup shall taste as honey sweet
Where tears o'erbrim the wine;
Yea, and thy chains upon my shackled feet
Are joy divine.

Sweet would it be unto mine eyes alway
A rain of tears to pour,
To sob and drench thy sacred robes, till they
Could hold no more.

But lo! my tears are dried, when, fast out-
poured,
They down my cheeks are shed;
Scorched by the fire within: because thy Lord
Hath turned and fled.

Taking His holy treasure, He hath made
His journey far away;
And with Him hath not thy protecting shade
Vanished for aye?

And I am desolate and sore bereft,
Lo! a forsaken one:
Like a sole beacon on a mountain left,
A tower alone.

I hear the voice of singers now no more,
Silence their song hath bound;
The strings are broken which on harps of yore
Breathed forth sweet sound.

In sackcloth I will clothe and sable band,
For well-beloved by me
Were they whose lives were many as the sand—
The slain of thee.

I am astonied that the day's fair light
Yet shineth brilliantly
On all things :—it is ever dark as night
To me and thee.

Send with a bitter cry to God above
Thine anguish, nor withhold :
Ah! that He would remember yet His love,
His troth of old!

Gird on the sackcloth of thy misery
For that devouring fire,
Which burst forth ravenous on thine and thee
With wasting dire.

E'en as thy Rock hath sore afflicted thee,
He will assuage thy woe,
Will turn again the tribes' captivity,
And raise the low.

Yet shalt thou wear thy scarlet raiment choice,
And sound the timbrels high,
And yet amid the dancers shalt rejoice
With gladdened cry.

My neart shall be uplifted on the day
Thy Rock shall be thy light,
When He shall make thy gloom to pass away,
Thy darkness bright.

DIRGE
FOR THE
NINTH OF AB

THE AUTHOR is doubtful.

Stanza 1, line 1, Isaiah li, 21; line 3, "make thee bald," Micah i, 16.

Stanza 3, line 13, 1 Kings vi, 21; line 14, 1 Kings vi, 4. The *Targum* JONATHAN BEN UZZIEL paraphrases this verse in accordance with tradition: "And they made for the house windows wide outwardly and narrow inwardly." The tradition was that while ordinary windows were constructed by cavities in the walls cut at an angle widening inwardly to admit the rays of light into the building, the windows of the Temple were cut in the opposite way to suggest that the Temple was the true source of light.

Stanza 5, line 3, Jeremiah xlviii, 34; line 4, Jeremiah xlviii, 21; line 7, Psalm cxxxvii, 8.

Stanza 7, lines 1, 3, Micah vii, 8.

Dirge for the Ninth of Ab

O THOU afflicted, drunken not with wine!
Cast to the earth thy timbrel; strip thee bare;
Yea, make thee bald; let not thy beauty shine;
Despoil of comeliness thy presence fair;
Lift up a wailing on the mountain height;
Turn thee to all thy borders; seek thy flight.

And cry before the Lord
For thresholds waste,
For thresholds waste;
Cry for thy little ones
Slain of the sword;
Lift up thine hands to Him,
To Him implored.

How hath to Zion come the foeman dread,
Into the royal city entrance found!
How do the reckless feet of strangers tread
With step irreverent on the hallowed ground!
Lo! when the spoilers stormed the sanctuary,
They fell on priests, the guards of sacred
rite,
Watchmen who kept their charge, and fearlessly
Stood by, unflinching 'mid the deadly fight:
Until their blood was shed, profuse as when
Of yore the Nile was turned to bloody flow;
Within the curtain burst unholy men,
Yea, even where the High Priest feared to go.
They stript of gold thy walls' majestic heights,
And the fair windows of thy narrowed lights.

And cry before the Lord
For thresholds waste,
For thresholds waste;
Cry for thy little ones

Slain of the sword;
Lift up thine hands to Him,
To Him implored.

The voice of Zion's daughter sore doth moan,
She waileth from afar in anguish deep,
Uttereth the cry of Heshbon overthrown,
And with the weeping of Mephaath doth weep:
Woe! I have drunk the cup, have drained it! Woe!
Lions with savage fangs have me undone,
Daughter of Babylon, that liest low!
Daughter of Edom, O thou guilty one!—
Wherefore, O Zion, art bewailing thee
O'er this thy doom? for lo! thy sin is known:
By the abundance of iniquity
Beholdest thou the exile of thine own;
For that thy watchman true thou didst forsake,
To hearken unto words false omens spake.

And cry before the Lord
For thresholds waste,
For thresholds waste;
Cry for thy little ones
Slain of the sword;
Lift up thine hands to Him,
To Him implored.

Rejoice not, O mine enemy, o'er my pain,
O'er the destruction that hath come to me,
For though I fall I shall arise again;
The Lord yet helpeth me; yea, even He
Who scattered, in His burning wrath, His flock,
Shall gather me once more within His fold;
He shall deliver me from thee; my Rock
Shall free His servant to thy bondage sold.
Then unto thee shall pass the brimming bowl,
The cup whose bitterness hath filled my soul.

And cry before the Lord
  For thresholds waste,
  For thresholds waste;
    Cry for thy little ones
Slain of the sword;
    Lift up thine hands to Him,
To Him implored.

HOSHANA

FROM the Liturgy for *Hoshana Rabbah*. The author is unknown.

Stanza 6, line 1, refers to the ceremony of the pouring forth of water at the Temple during the Festival of Tabernacles.

Stanza 9, line 2, Hosea iii, 2. For mystical interpretations, see *Targum Jonathan*, *Rashi in loco*, *Mezudath Zion*, and *Mezudath David*.

Stanza 10, line 1, Leviticus xxiii, 40.

Hoshana

O GOD! like lost sheep we have gone astray;
From out Thy book wipe not our name away.
Save! O save!

O God! sustain the sheep for slaughter;—see
These dealt with wrathfully and slain for Thee.
Save! O save!

O God! Thy sheep! the sheep whom Thou didst tend
In pasture; Thy creation and Thy friend.
Save! O save!

O God! the poor among the sheep! Take heed:
Answer in time of favor to their need.
Save! O save!

O God! they lift their eyes to Thee, long
sought:
Let those that rise against Thee count as
naught.
Save! O save!

O God! they pouring water, worshipping—
Let them be drawing from salvation's spring.
Save! O save!

O God! let saviours come to Zion at length,
Endowed of Thee, and saved by Thy Name's
strength.
Save! O save!

O God! in garb of vengeance clad about,
In mighty wrath cast all deceivers out.
Save! O save!

O God! and Thou wilt surely not forget
Her, by love-tokens bought, that hopeth yet.
Save! O save!

O God! they seeking Thee with willow bough!
Regard their crying from Thine Heaven now.
Save! O save!

O God! as with a crown bless Thou the year;
Yea, Lord, my singing, I beseech Thee, hear.
Save! O save!

THE ARK
OF THE
COVENANT

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT was suggested by the following fragments from the Talmud:

Rabbi Eliezer saith: "The Ark hath gone into captivity unto Babylon, as it is said, 'And at the return of the year King Nebuchadnezzar sent and brought him (Jehoiachin) to Babylon, with the goodly vessels of the House of the Lord.' "

Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai saith: "The Ark hath gone into captivity unto Babylon, as it is said, 'Nothing shall be left, saith the Lord.' This referreth to the Ten Words which were enshrined therein."

Rabbi Judah (ben Lakish) saith: "The Ark is hidden in its place, as it is said: 'That the ends of the staves were seen from the holy place before the oracle; but they were not seen without: and there they are unto this day.'"

And where it is written "unto this day," it is always understood to mean forever.

And the sages say, "The Ark was hidden in the chamber of the Wood Pile.'

Rabbi Nachman bar Isaac saith: "I likewise have received a tradition. It is related of a priest, that, while wrapt in contemplation, he perceived that one of the stones of the pavement differed in appearance from the others. And he forthwith went to apprise his comrade; but be-

fore he had ended his words his soul went forth. And they knew of a truth that there the Ark was hidden."

There was a tradition with the disciples of Rabbi Ishmael, that two priests were examining the wood (to be burnt upon the altar), when the axe of one fell, and a flame went forth and consumed him.—*Yoma* 53[b], 54[a].

. . . . There were thirteen places of prostration in the sanctuary. But in the time of Rabban Gamaliel and Rabbi Chanina, the second High Priest, they prostrated themselves at fourteen places. And where was the additional place? By the wood pile; for they had received a tradition from their fathers that the Ark was hidden there. It is related that a priest, while wrapt in contemplation, perceived that one of the stones differed in appearance from the others. And he forthwith went to apprise his comrade; but before he had ended his words, his soul went forth. And they knew of a truth that there the Ark was hidden.—*Jerus. Shekalim*, ch. 16.

Stanza 7, line 4. The *Shechinah* withdrew by ten stages —from the Mercy Seat to one Cherub, from one Cherub to the other, from the Cherub to the Threshold, from the Threshold to the Court, from the Court to the Altar, from the Altar to the Roof, from the Roof to the Wall, from the Wall to the City, from the City to the Mount, and from the Mount to the Wilderness. From the Wilderness it ascended and abode in its place, as it is said, "I will go and return unto My place."—*Rosh ha-Shanah* 31[a].

The Ark of the Covenant

THERE is a legend full of joy and pain,
An old tradition told of former years,
When Israel built the Temple once again
And stayed his tears.

'Twas in the chamber where the Wood Pile lay,
The logs wherewith the altar's flame was fed;
There hope recalled the Light of vanished day,
The Light long fled.

A priest moved slowly o'er the marble floor,
Sorting the fuel in the chamber stored;
Frail was his form;—he ministered no more
Before the Lord.

Wrapt in still thought, with sad and mournful
 mien,
 Plying his axe with oft a troubled sigh,
He dreamed of glory which the House had seen
 In days gone by;

Mused of the time when in the Holy Place
 God's Presence dwelt between the Cherubim,
And of the day He turned away His face,
 And light grew dim;

When the Shechinah from that erring throng,
 Alas, withdrew, yet tarried in the track,
As one who lingereth on the threshold long
 And looketh back;

Then step by step in that reluctant flight
Approached the shadow of the city wall,
And lingered yet upon the mountain height
 For hoped recall.

The Temple standing, pride of Israel's race,
Hath resting there no sacred Ark of Gold;
God's Glory filleth not the Holy Place
As once of old.

Surely the glory of the House is o'er;
Gone is the Presence, silent is the Voice;—
They who remember that which is no more,
Can they rejoice?

To him, so musing, sudden rapture came;
The axe fell from his trembling hand's control;
A fire leapt upward, and a burning flame
Woke in his soul.

His eyes had seen; his soul spoke; he had gazed
Upon one stone of that smooth marble plain:—
Lo! from its place it surely had been raised,
And set again.

Into his heart there flashed prophetic light;
With sudden force the secret was revealed;
What but one treasure, sacred in his sight,
Lay there concealed?

As one of Heaven bid who dare not wait,
With step grown firm as with the strength of youth,
He hastened to his comrade to relate
The wondrous truth.

With hand uplifted, and a light sublime
In eyes that full of some new wonder shone,
He seemed a holy seer of olden time
To look upon.

Yet from his parted lips no message came;
In silence reached he his immortal goal;
And from its dwelling in the earthly frame
Went forth his soul.

Soon o'er the house flew, murmuring, strange
reports.
And men and women trembled at the sound,
And priests came swiftly from the sacred courts,
And thronged around.

And all these came from all their paths away,
In hurried gathering which none gainsaid,
And stood in utter silence where he lay,
The priestly dead.

Lo! in the hush the spirit, as it passed
Beyond the still form and the peaceful brow,
Seemed to speak audibly: "O Lord, at last!
I see Thee now.

"Mine eyes have seen this day my life's fair
dream,
In this my death have seen that dream ful-
filled—
The longing of my heart, the wish supreme
That grief instilled.

"I said, God's Ark is captive far away,
  So wept I, Ichabod, for glory fled,
And mourned because the brightness of the day
    Was quenched and dead.

"Yet, verily, if in a far-off land
  The Ark of God in exile dwelleth still,
Yea, even so 'tis with the pure of hand
    Who do His will.

"Know then, ye priests and Levites, Israel all,
  Hid in its place the Ark of God doth lie,
His presence hath not gone beyond recall,
    But bideth nigh.

"Haste, brethren, let the gates asunder burst;
  Regain the Ark, the Covenant hold fast;
And by the glorious Second House, the First
    Shall be surpassed!

"Behold, thou comest as the dawn of day!
Shechinah! changeless, to illume the night!
O Thou, Who art a lamp upon the way,
Who art the light!"

So sang his soul, with life's full radiance crowned;
So dawned again the shining of God's face:
For each heart knew the Ark could yet be found
Within its place.

The Ideal Minister

FROM THE TRACTATE TAANITH IN THE BABYLONIAN TALMUD

BEHOLD him humble and with naught of wealth,
Save for the righteousness within his soul
And knowledge stored abundantly therein,
More precious than the riches of the earth;
Gentle and meek and lowly in his ways,
Knowing the source wherefrom his wisdom flows;
Labor despising not, he turneth toil
Into a blessing. And his heart is set
In tender moulding of a father's love.
For he hath children, that he well may know
The heart of other men; and so he prayeth
E'en with such fervor and such earnestness
For sons of others; grown compassionate,
As hath a father pity on his son.

Closed are his portals to unrighteousness;
Guilt findeth not a place beneath his roof;
His fame is perfect and his name unstained;
His life is seen not of the eyes of sin.
Unto the people, trusting, loving him,
His coming is a gladness; for he lures
The heart of them with wondrous sympathy,
Embracing all their sorrows and their joy,
Speaking the word of comfort in its time,
Rejoicing with them in their joyous day.
What can surpass the sweetness of his voice—
Revealing his soul's beauty, sending forth
Unto his heedful hearers solemn sounds
Of holiness made holier by song?
The Law speaks loud through him, the deep-
 toned words
Leaving an impress of authority
To hold the heart with true and sacred force.
He maketh heard the Prophets' mighty call,
The thunder of their warning and reproach,

The bitter lamentation for their sin,
The pleadings and the promises of good;
And in the sound, outpouring from his lips,
The Prophet's spirit seems to burn again.
He reads the olden books of Holy Writ,
And telling of the glory passed away,
His soul wells forth in song—a song so sweet
As though an echo of the voice Divine
Sang with it, to inspire the hearts that heard
With hope of that new glory yet to rise.
His lips are steeped in wisdom handed down
In golden links unbroke from sire to son,
Long-treasured race-traditions, still to live,
And, living, pass through ages yet unborn.
So, with his glowing words of metaphor,
Grows green the old faith's beauty; and his
prayers
Rise up as incense from the shrine.—He stands
Before the Ark, and in his hands he holds
A thousand prayers, to rise as one, and bear

A people's anguish to the throne of God.
This is God's chosen Minister; this one
Shall lead his people in the righteous way
Towards the triumph.—Yet, 'tis not alone
A picture of the heart's desire for him,
A dream of what a minister must be;
Nay, for the Rabbis in their wisdom gazed
On Rabbi Isaac, Immi's noble son.

The Giving of the Law

FROM MIDRASH RABBAH ON SHEMOTH

WHEN the Holy One came to give life, to reveal the great light of His Law,
All His wonder of worlds grew silent in sudden, unspeakable awe,
More tense than the stillness ere dawn riseth up in a burst of gold,
Every quiver and pulse, every breath of the world caught fast in His hold.
No twitter of bird, no soaring of wings made stir in the air,
And the oxen that lowed from the fields were mute as if death passed there;
And in Heaven the Ophanim paused in their flight through the limitless space,
And the Seraphim, singing Thrice Holy, grew still in their glorious place.

Full of the storm and the swell of the tide, an
immovable sea
Lay dumb with the hushing of lips, with a
pausing eternity;
Till the life-giving voice should thrill, and the
imminent call be heard,
A marvel, absorbing the sound of all spheres,
the Ineffable Word;
Until God in His wonder of worlds, the Holy
One, blessed be He,
Should set His creation athrob with the light
and the life to be.
Lo! who could endure to stand on the terrible
day when He came,
In a universe full of His voice, grown thundrous
with sound of His Name?
Lo! He struck the high seas with terror, He
saw the mountains quake,
And the stars in His heaven paled, "and my
soul went forth when He spake."

And from stars to the shaken earth where the
trembling footsteps trod,
One voice fell—One, tremendous: I am the
Lord thy God.

THE AGES OF MAN

THE AUTHOR of THE AGES OF MAN is not known. There are several Hebrew variants of the poem, which, without convincing reason, has been ascribed to ABRAHAM IBN EZRA. The present English translation has been made from the text contained in a manuscript brought by Mr. Elkan N. Adler from the Cairo Genizah.

The Ages of Man

LET but the son of earth
Remember from his birth

That in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.

"Arise and prosper," say ye unto him
Of five years, whose desires rise up apace
Like the awakening sun on regions dim.
He hath his mother's breast for resting place,
And moveth not—
His father's shoulders for his chariot.

(Yet in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

How urge ye him of ten years with intent
Toward instruction? Yet a little space,
And he will grow and find his chastisement.
Speak unto him with tender tone of grace:
Joy shall he rouse
For them that bare him, for his father's house.

(For in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

How sweet the days to him of twenty years!
Swift as a hart he leapeth to and fro

Over the hills; and scorns reproof, nor hears
The voice of teachers. But a graceful doe,
Goodly and fair,
This is the portion for him and his snare.

(*Yet in the end*
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

At thirty years into a woman's hands
He falleth; rise and look on him and see;
Behold him now caught fast within the strands;
The arrows pierce him round; the want shall be
Now of his life
Only the wants of children and of wife.

(*But in the end*
He shall return:

As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

He wanders forth subdued who shall attain
To forty years; he runs his way:—behind
The light companions of his youth remain;
And evil be it or sweet, yet shall he find
Joy in his lot,
Firm by his work, his charge forsaking not.

(*Yet in the end*
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

The days of vanity—days nothing worth—
Remembers he of fifty years, and mourns
Because the days of mourning come; and earth
And all the glory of the world he scorns,

Bearing the fear
Lest his own time indeed be drawing near.

(For in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

Ask: what befalls when sixty years are his?
Then have his muscles grown like root and bar
Set to his work—sufficing but for this
And rooted that they bend now but so far;
And never they
Shall move again to rouse him for the fray.

(For in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

If into seventy years his life-way wends,
His words are heard no longer; 'tis his fate
To go unheeded. Now upon his friends
Only a burden, he becomes a weight
On his own soul,
And on the staff that bears him to his goal.

(For in the end
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

At eighty years, then is he but a care
Upon his sons; his heart is no more his,
Nor his thoughts with him; only he is there,
Scorned of his neighbors. Yea, his portion is
Gall to the brim,
And wormwood is the morsel now for him.

(For in the end
He shall return:

As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

And after—he is even as one dead.
Happy the man who deemeth his own part
That of a stranger who is quickly fled:
Who hath no contemplation in his heart
Nor thought nor sense
But his soul's after-life and recompense.

(*For in the end*
He shall return:
As at his birth he was,
So shall he be.)

THE SONG
OF
CHESS

THE SONG OF CHESS is attributed to ABRAHAM IBN EZRA (1093–1167), who worked, as philosopher, poet, and mathematician, in Italy, France, and England. About one hundred and fifty of his sacred poems are known.

Line 21, "foot-soldier" is the pawn.

Line 35, "Elephant" is the bishop.

Line 40, "Horse" is the knight.

Line 44, "Wind" is the rook.

Although this poem bears evidence that the moves in chess have not changed, there are one or two variations of another kind worth noticing. The Indian chessmen have an Elephant to represent the Castle, or Rook, but it is clear that the author of this poem followed the Arabic designation, as he makes the Bishop the Elephant, or פיל, which the Arabs called "Al fil" (see *Encycl. Brit.*, vol. 5, p. 599). It is remarkable that the word Rook, from the Indian "Roch," a "war-chariot," is generally written by Hebrew writers רוק, but the author of this poem employs the word רוח. He may have used the word "wind" metaphorically as a war-chariot.

The Song of Chess

I WILL sing a song of battle
  Planned in days long passed and over.
Men of skill and science set it
On a plain of eight divisions,
And designed in squares all chequered.
Two camps face each one the other,
And the kings stand by for battle,
And twixt these two is the fighting.
Bent on war the face of each is,
Ever moving or encamping,
Yet no swords are drawn in warfare,
For a war of thoughts their war is.
They are known by signs and tokens
Sealed and written on their bodies;
And a man who sees them, thinketh,
Edomites and Ethiopians

Are these two that fight together.
And the Ethiopian forces
Overspread the field of battle,
And the Edomites pursue them.

First in battle the foot-soldier
Comes to fight upon the highway,
Ever marching straight before him,
But to capture moving sideways,
Straying not from off his pathway,
Neither do his steps go backwards;
He may leap at the beginning
Anywhere within three chequers.
Should he take his steps in battle
Far away unto the eighth row,
Then a Queen to all appearance
He becomes and fights as she does.
And the Queen directs her moving
As she will to any quarter.

Backs the Elephant or advances,
Stands aside as 'twere an ambush;
As the Queen's way, so is his way,
But o'er him she hath advantage,
He stands only in the third rank.
Swift the Horse is in the battle,
Moving on a crooked pathway;
Ways of his are ever crooked;
Mid the Squares, three form his limit.

Straight the Wind moves o'er the war-path
In the field across or lengthwise;
Ways of crookedness he seeks not,
But straight paths without perverseness.
Turning every way the King goes,
Giving aid unto his subjects;
In his actions he is cautious,
Whether fighting or encamping.
If his foe come to dismay him,

From his place he flees in terror,
Or the Wind can give him refuge.
Sometimes he must flee before him;
Multitudes at times support him;
And all slaughter each the other,
Wasting with great wrath each other.
Mighty men of both the sovereigns
Slaughtered fall, with yet no bloodshed.
Ethiopia sometimes triumphs,
Edom flees away before her;
Now victorious is Edom:
Ethiopia and her sovereign
Are defeated in the battle.

Should a King in the destruction
Fall within the foeman's power,
He is never granted mercy,
Neither refuge nor deliv'rance,
Nor a flight to refuge-city.

Judged by foes, and lacking rescue,
Though not slain he is checkmated.—
Hosts about him all are slaughtered,
Giving life for his deliverance.
Quenched and vanished is their glory,
For they see their lord is smitten;
Yet they fight again this battle,
For in death is resurrection.

SKETCH
OF THE
GAME OF CHESS

THE DATE of this composition is given variously: the twelfth century or, according to Steinschneider, the fourteenth or fifteenth. The remarkable feature is that the game is mainly described by a combination and adaptation of Biblical texts.

Paragraph 9. In the thirteenth century the *Alfyn* had the diagonal move of our Bishop, restricted in its range of action to the third square from which it stood. (From the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. iii, p. 63.) Steinschneider's date would appear to be in conflict with this fact.

Sketch of the Game of Chess

By Bon Senior Abn Yachia

IN the beginning of the reign, the armies stand before thee.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his glory. Behold, he standeth at the head of all his hosts; he shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud; he shall do mightily against his enemies. By the strength of his hand and in his power, he is established in his stronghold, the fourth post, which is his place of encampment in the beginning of his reign.

The Queen doth stand at his right hand; he looketh upon her with favor.

Nigh unto them are two Horsemen mounted upon fed horses; at their right and at their left is an Elephant, and a War-car on either side.

These are the generals and officers, such as have ability to stand. Facing these in full array, stand two opposing lines of warriors.

The same are the mighty men which were of old. Such are their positions, and the standards of their camps, according to their families, according to their fathers' houses.

Come, let us take our fill of love, and I will give thee a place of access between these that stand by. I will display before thee the marchings and counter-marchings of this army, and I will explain in lucid words how the battle is turned back at the gate.

When the King marcheth from place to place in his dominion, there is but one law for him, whether his course be flank-wise or straight; all that he desireth he doeth; but his heart is not ambitious to extend his range in battle, lest he should die in the war.

The Elephants advance three paces without

divergence, in oblique direction, bent in their path on victory, and they turn not aside. Behold them tramping forth, and whither they go, they work utter desolation.

And the Horsemen set themselves in array at the gate. Each hath his sword girt at his side. The glory of the snorting is terrible. They pace one stage straight across the field, and take another step in an oblique direction, before they halt in face of the enemy.

Before the War-cars lies but a straight path, their movement being the same on their four sides. They turn not when they go. They march along the whole length of the path which is before them. If they prevail by strength, none assaileth them; but should the commanders or servants of the hostile King stand before them, gone is their power to pass. Nor by their multitude, nor by their wealth can they deviate from the course already taken. Notwith-

standing the great strength of this officer, one of the lowest rank of the enemy may suddenly capture him, when he deemeth himself in a place of safety.

When the war rageth, the King avoideth standing at the extremity of the battle-field, far from his troops; and thither he attempteth not to go, nor is he seen there, nor found there, unless one of his warriors stand before him, as a shield and as a safeguard to conceal his person from all men. If he arise again and walk abroad upon his staff, after he hath been seen, he waxeth in his wrath; he goeth and hideth himself behind a wall or fortress, and he fleeth and escapeth from the battle.

Behold, I have laid before thee goodly words, to teach thee to obey the King's commands and his decree whithersoever they may reach thee. And concerning these men who draw near, have I not written unto thee excellent things? I

have shown thee the laws of the contest, its genius, and its principles, and every sign; and there lacketh not one about whom I have not written.

Excepting that we have not yet spoken of the woman. She sitteth at the top of the high places by the city. She is clamorous and wilful in her way. She girdeth her loins with strength. Her feet abide not in her house. She moveth in all directions, and turneth about her. Her evolutions are wonderful, her ardor untiring. How beautiful are her steps across the plain!

And the King, clad in black garments, standeth at the fourth post, which is white, over against the next post, which is black, where standeth his Queen. He draweth nigh unto the thick darkness. His eye is upon her, for he hath married an Ethiopian woman. They shall come out against thee one way, with one move-

ment and one journey. If they be not cautious, as the one dieth, so dieth the other.

But the black King is strong when there standeth before him a great and numerous and powerful people, serving him in the field of battle as a strong army. For they dare advance and bravely leap from place to place. Their feet are straight feet, but if it be their will to capture prisoners or spoil, they may diverge to either flank. One of them may gain power and increase in strength. Should he reach the haven of his desire, lo! he skippeth as a hart! Then is he swifter than the eagles of heaven, he hasteneth his steps, and doeth that in which his soul delighteth, even all that the woman doeth.

And now the two Kings intrigue against each other, and pursue each other unto the death. One is embarrassed in the fight; and when he resteth in his place, an officer of the enemy may command him to go forth from his boundary,

lest he should smite him with destruction. He may retreat in any direction; but if in striving to escape his feet be caught in the snare set by the warriors that surround him, then is his glory turned unto destruction. Ah, lord! ah, for his glory! And his people who are left after him are as nothing; for of what account are they? In one moment the mighty men are subdued, and the commander is brought low, he is thrust out, he boweth down, and he falleth. The King who hath striven against him bringeth him down from his greatness, until not a remnant is left unto him. Then is he overthrown and cut off from his position and honor. How can one pursue a thousand! That one is left in glory and majesty, and the other dieth in bitterness of soul.

Thus shall perish all the enemies of the King, and they that seek his evil; but they that love him shall be as the sun when he goeth forth in his glory.

This POEM ON CHESS is by an anonymous author. The manuscript is to be found in the Vatican. The date assigned to it by Steinschneider is the fifteenth or sixteenth century, but it is probably earlier.

Poem on Chess

THE Kings have met on the battle plain,
And war upriseth betwixt the twain.
Alike in number is either band,
And face to face do the armies stand.
Devoid of sword and of spear their strife;
Within their mouths is no breath of life.
In crafty guise is their battle fought;
With cunning art is their contest wrought.
When these prevail o'er their foemen all,
Behold, 'tis then that the dead men fall.
Yet they from death may arise again,
And cast their enemies 'mid the slain.
Their halt and marching will I relate,
Each one in order of rank and state.—
The King, he standeth beside the Queen;
Horses and Elephants nigh are seen.
There stand two chariots likewise here;

And facing, warriors, each his peer.
The King and Queen o'er two paces range;
Yet are their movements diverse and strange.
Three steps the Elephants, never more;
The Horses turn to their quarters four;
And straight the Chariots forward fly,
Sideways and backward the foe defy.
In craft each warrior's bow is bent:
Vanquished by science, the foe is spent.
In ancient lore are their ways oft told:
Behold them writ in the books of old.

The Death of Moses

FROM MIDRASH TANCHUMA

IN the hour when the Holy One, blessed be He, said unto Moses: "Get thee up into this mountain . . . . and die,"—"Now," thought the Angel of Death, "hath the Holy One given me dominion over the soul of Moses." And he appeared and stood before him.

Then spake Moses: "The Holy One, blessed be He, hath promised me that He will not give me over into thine hand."

And the Angel answered: "The Holy One, blessed be He, hath sent me unto thee; for thou shalt pass away this day."

Then said Moses unto him: "Get thee hence; for I seek to extol the Holy One. 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"Why vaunt thyself?" spake the Angel,

"There be others to sing His praises. Lo! 'the Heavens declare the glory of God.'"

And Moses said: "The Heavens are still when I extol Him, as it is written: 'Give ear, ye Heavens, and I will speak.'"

The Angel of Death again approached unto him. Moses pronounced the tremendous Name, and the Angel fled; as it is said: "For I will proclaim the Name of the Lord."

Once more the Angel of Death drew nigh. Then thought Moses: "It may be that he cometh bid by Heaven, and that I must bow before the just decree. 'The Rock, His work is perfect.'"

The soul of Moses wrestled to go forth; and he restrained her, saying: "O my soul! what sayest thou? For the Angel of Death seeketh to gain dominion over thee."

She spake: "It cannot be. For the Holy One, blessed be He, hath promised me that He will not give me over into his hand."

"Nay, but thou sayest thou hast seen the people weeping, and thou didst weep with them."

She said: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears—"

"But thou fearest to be thrust into the grave."

She said: "and my feet from falling."

And of his soul he asked: "Whither wilt thou take thy flight in realms unknown?"

She answered: "I shall walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

When Moses heard these words, he said unto her: "'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'"

As he passed away, a voice went up from earth: "Moses commanded us a Law, an inheritance for the assembly of Jacob."

And the Heavens answered: "He executed the justice of the Lord, and His judgments with Israel."